HOW TO REACH SYDNEY via BOSTON.

1. From Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, etc., via various rail and water lines and connections to Boston; thence by Canada Atlantic & Plant line steamer to Halifax, and Intercolonial railway to Sydney; or, rail from Halifax to Mulgrave, and Bras d' Or Navigation company steamer through the great lakes to Sydney; or, all-rail from Boston via Boston & Maine, Maine Central and Intercolonial railways to Sydney.

2. From Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, and other points, to New York; via the Pennsylvania railroad and the Baltimore & Ohio railroad and Reading system; thence by all rail lines and Sound steamers to Boston, and to Sydney as in No. 1.

3. From Baltimore via the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation company steamers, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; arriving in Boston Fridays, Sundays and Tuesdays; and to Sydney as in No. 1.

4. From New York via the Fall River, Providence & Stonington and Norwich lines; New York, New Haven & Hartford and Boston & Albany railroads; and to Sydney as in No. 1.

THROUGH TICKETS

to SYDNEY can be purchased in New York, at the office of the Plant System, 261 Broadway; Henry Gaze & Son., 115 Broadway; Thos. Cook & Son, 261 Broadway. In Boston, at the several ticket agencies on Washington street; at the up-town ticket office (and all stations) of the Boston & Maine railroad, corner of Washington and State streets; and at the office of the Canada Atlantic & Plant steamship company, north side of Lewis wharf, where plans of the hotel can be seen and rooms arranged for in advance.
Tickets to Sydney can also be obtained of ticket agents in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, and in all New England cities and towns.

RATES, Etc.

(Subject to change.)

From Boston to Sydney via the Canada Atlantic & Plant S. S. Co. to Halifax and Intercolonial railway to Sydney: First Class, $12.10; Excursion, $20.15; Special (which is first class by steamer and second class rail), $10.10. These rates do not include staterooms or meals on steamer.
Via all-rail: Boston & Maine and Intercolonial railways, write G. P. A. of the roads.

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LOOK INSIDE, and i. all you want to know
the MANAGER OF THE SYDNEY HOTEL, Sydn
N. S., OR ∴ ∴ ∴

M. J. KEATING AGENT, 20 ATLANTIC AVE

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DIRECT LINE
BETWEEN

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(With perfect connections for Sydney).

STEAMSHIPS
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ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

The Shortest and Most Direct Route to all Points in

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Only Line running to HALIFAX giving through rates, issuing through tickets, and checking baggage via Rail and Water Lines to all points.

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RICHARDSON & BARNARD, GEN'L AGENTS,
North Side LEWIS WHARF, Boston, Mass.

H. L. CHIPMAN, Plant Wharf, Halifax, N.S.
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BOSTON IDEAS

MAY 6, 1894.

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SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON.

"The Premier Summer Resort of the North."

It was a commercial traveler who made the remark that if the McDonalds were transported from Cape Breton and their places occupied by genuine Smiths, the country would very soon undergo a material change for the better from a business point of view. This is without doubt correct to a considerable extent, for Smith is a very uncommon name in the population of the island, and especially of Cape Breton county, while it is readily apparent to anyone acquainted with the history of the place why it has not been more prosperous and progressive commercially. Up to less than forty years ago the island had a very scant population, composed chiefly of the descendants of the old Acadian French, a few Loyalist families from the States and the remnants of the army and colonial government officials.

An out-of-the-world sort of place, and yet with society of people from the best blood in England, it passed through a very romantic period of existence, most interesting tales of which may still be beguiled from the older settlers. Then came the immigration of the Highland Scotch, more properly Crofters, for they came from the islands to the north of Scotland. They came by the shipload, took up large grants of land and soon became the most powerful element of the population.

But these people, living in a most wholesome climate, untrammeled by any deleterious influences of city civilization, have raised families who constitute a generation unrivalled in physical development by any in America and endowed with sturdy skill which must perpetuate itself to the great advantage of the country in the future. It is worth a journey to Cape Breton merely to see the people in their native wilds. The deeds of might performed by the muscular sons—and daughters, too—of these old Scotchmen in their everyday life would be scarcely credited in the columns of an American sporting newspaper.

But it is only necessary to review the history of the late Angus McAskill, who travelled with P. T. Barnum as a giant for several years, and to glance at the physique of the local battalion of infantry militia, the average height of the members of which is 5 feet 10 inches, to readily believe the stories that visitors who have spent some time among them will tell of the feats accomplished. To look at the buxom forms, sunny countenances and healthy, vigorous movements of the Scotch lassies, it will not be doubted that they are competent to take their places in the field or hunt beside their brothers.

It is not surprising, therefore, that they have not developed a taste for factory or indoor work and that, apart from the collieries of Cape Breton county, there are no tall chimneys or other indications of the whir of machinery.

It is a curious circumstance that in the extensive collection of views of all countries in the art gallery of the Eden Musee, New York, the only picture of any place in the Maritime Provinces is an old photograph of Sydney taken from the back road. That road, on a fine Sunday in summer, when the ships are in port, including generally two or three French or English men-of-war, is the promenade for many happy parties. It leads up to what is known as Hardwood hill, now capped by a neatly laid-out cemetery, vieing with Greenwood in its natural situation, and from which, on a clear day, an equally attractive view may be obtained of the town and harbor, North Sydney and Sydney Mines beyond, and all the surrounding country. From this hill also can be seen the source of the waterworks system that now supplies the town of Sydney, and it is a pleasant walk through the woods by the pipe road to the dam from which a head of water is obtained.

Laid off in regular squares, on the style of an English town of great pretensions, the streets being given high-sounding names, but until the advent of the railroad being little more than roads, Sydney maintained its crude simplicity a very long time. Though blessed with an abundance of bituminous coal, there was not even illuminating gas in use in the island and nothing better than oil, until the electric lighting system, recently introduced, met with spontaneous appreciation and success for domestic and public service.

BOATING AND DRIVING.

The visitor who seeks rest and healthful recreation in or about Sydney has ample choice. In any direction one may walk new scenes of natural beauty unfold themselves. But by boat or carriage the facilities are far extended. The harbor is delightful for sailing or rowing, with ample space and deep water. No more delightful boating trip can be imagined anywhere than a row up Crawley's Creek, at the mouth of which stand the remains of the once pretentious residence of a former governor of Cape Breton.

The entrance to the creek, or rather cave, is narrow and hidden between tree-covered hills, but once inside the mouth of it your boat can be comfortably rowed through a veritable fairy dell for a mile into the heart of a forest. It is difficult to tell whether it is more bewitching by sunlight or moonlight, but to wait off the entrance any evening in summer and see the little pleasure craft lose themselves in its recesses, or reappear again, with snatches of song and laughter, is ample testimony to the fact of its being a popular resort.

Up the Sydney river is another delightful row. From the first bridge, at the head of the harbor, one can obtain a glorious view whichever way one turns. In a steam launch one can go beyond the railway bridge, three miles above the town, and by a row boat seven or eight miles farther up, to the head of the tide, which, if it is high water, will permit access to the Forks Lake, a beautiful sheet, surrounded by farms, famous for its trout fishing, and duck and wild fowl shooting.

The return from the Forks Lake by row boat with the current is a charming and picturesque two-hours' trip, which, if it be made in the early evening of a fine day, will never be forgotten. In some places where the banks rise high and precipitously on either side and the river flows silent and deep between, surrounding echoes are reverberated from one's every cry. Salmon and often mackerel are common in the harbor, partridges and rabbits may be shot almost anywhere about the suburbs of the town in the fall, and wild goose and duck shooting is a common autumn pastime about the beaches and marshes.

The rides and drives about Sydney are very attractive and one can go in a different direction every day for a fortnight. Of course everyone goes to the Coxheath Copper Mines, owned by the Eastern Development Co. of Boston, and under the management of Col. Brownell Granger, whose geniality as a host has become proverbial. The journey is well worth taking, even if the road is a trifle rough. It is a distance of twelve miles out, but as the approach is over a succession of hills it means a drive of three or four hours. A grade up the side of one hill, down the other side and across a bridge, up another grade and so on, one finally attains a surprising altitude. The mines themselves are most interesting, the only ones of the kind east of Lake Superior, while the view is unsurpassed, throwing the country and the coastline for sixty miles or more like a map at one's feet, the most delightful of which view is that obtained of the shore toward Cape North, with "Old Smoky" in plain sight. The return drive can be made around the mountains via the Gillis Lakes and East Bay.

Another very pleasant drive for an afternoon is around the road to North Sydney, a distance of fifteen miles over a first-class carriage way with the option of returning by ferry-boat from there if the attractions of that town, which rivals Sydney in shipping and commercial appearance, do not prove great enough to give it a longer stay.

The drive to historic Louisbourg—the cap ture of which will ever be associated with the gallant deeds of the men of New as well as of Old England—should be put down as positive by all tourists. It is a matter of twenty-four miles by the road, pleasantly divided halfway by the bridge at what was formerly known as Mira Ferry, where the hostelry has for many years afforded cheerful refreshment for man and beast, and one can enjoy a half-hour's stroll in admiring the beautiful scenery of the Mira river. No indication is afforded the stranger to the road, after he has wandered over the Catalone hills, of his approach to Louisbourg (properly spelled and pronounced like the French Cherbourg) until a sudden turn brings the settlement and unsurpassed harbor in full view. It is a moonlight evening when you arrive the picture is one long to be remembered. Stop and take a good look at it, for daylight and close inspection will not add to one's appreciation of the landward side of the place.

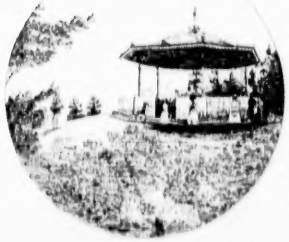
Some descendants of the old French who fought and died when the town, then with a population of ten or twelve thousand, was captured by a fleet from Massachusetts during the reign of King George, before the era of American Independence, still remain, and they will show you how the old French town and fortifications were laid out and sell you relics of the place, that have been dug up, at as reasonable prices as the relic dealers on any other battle-field thousands of miles distant. Such residents of Louisbourg as the Rev. T. F. Draper, Mr. Harry LeVatte or Mr. P. O'Toole are always pleased to assist the tourist with information or directions.

If you drive from Louisbourg a few miles west along the shore to Gabarus and Fourche, and find your way to Baker's lobster factory you can learn practically all about that industry, while Mr. Baker himself can direct you to some of the best trout streams in the world, existing in this vicinity, or beguile the time with some of the best stories incident to a man who has traveled widely and seen business and pleasure in many ways.

THE GREAT COAL MINES.

Should your curiosity, as it naturally may, induce you to visit the coal mines, you will find the handiest to be the Reserve, to which you may travel by train from town, inspect the deep and return in an afternoon, besides hearing if you direct your inquiries aright, the romantic history of the Sydney and Louisbourg Coal and Railway Company, from the days of its inception under the direction of the late Mr. Gisborne of Atlantic telegraph fame—and a very interesting story it would make, too, if written up in all its truthfulness.

But if you have more time to spend, take your gripsack for a day or two and drive out to Cow Bay, a distance of twelve miles. Tell your driver to take you the direct road, not through the mines, and put up at the cozy little hotel of Mrs. Anderson, who will do all



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she can to make you comfortable. The mines, breakwater and harbor here are worth a glance.

But the prettiest part of your visit is the drive along the beach next day to Glace Bay, a sand beach unexcelled in beauty by Nantasket or Long Branch. At Little Glace Bay and Caledonia are extensive collieries having shipping piers at the same harbor, and at the latter place is the residence of David McKeen, M. P., manager for the Dominion Coal Co. Come back to Sydney either by rail or a drive through the Bridgeport mines, where is located the famous syndicate's principal plant, which will give you an idea of the inexhaustible coal areas controlled by it.

Another pleasant drive into the country is to Marion Bridge, twelve miles from Sydney, where there is sometimes of a summer Sunday an outdoor Presbyterian communion service, lasting all day and vieing with the most noted Methodist campmeeting in picturesque effect.

Or if you long for an artistic sketch, drive out to the falls of Eskasoni, which are very fine, where you will be sure to find an interesting camp of genuine Micmac Indians, and where Mr. Brown, the postmaster, will welcome you with genuine hospitality.

A still more beautiful trip would be to take the steamer Marion and go around through the Bras d'Or Lakes, visiting Boularderie, Baddeck and Whycocomagh, and returning by rail in the evening from Grand Narrows, where the steamer connects. At Baddeck is the mountain, Beinn Bhreagh, owned by Prof. Graham Bell, upon which he has erected a costly summer residence and on the top of which he keeps a flock of Merino sheep.

Many another equally delightful trip will be suggested by the hotel people, mention of which space will not admit here.

As for Sydney itself, you can see it all in half a day leisurely, and any youngster will tell you what the buildings are. It is the country itself that merits your attention. The climate from the first of June till the middle of December is delightful, always cool enough to sleep under a blanket and with an occasional rainstorm, when a blazing soft coal fire is both cheerful and comfortable. If you have a letter of introduction to a member of the Sydney club you will not find the time hang very heavy even on a stormy day, and you will remember the trip all the more pleasantly from having cultivated the acquaintance of some of its members.

THE SYDNEY HOTEL.

One of the drawbacks to a proper enjoyment of a summer outing in glorious Cape Breton hitherto has been a lack of first class hotel accommodation. This cry can no longer be raised, for the splendid new building which has just been opened for the entertainment of tourists who may favor it with their patronage is in every respect the finest public house in Eastern Nova Scotia (which includes Cape Breton).

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RATES:

Rooms on first floor and front rooms on second,	$ 2.50 per day.
Rooms with bath attached, ...	3.00 "
All other rooms, ...	2.00 "
Room and board by the week, ...	10.00 upward.

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of its patrons, and furnished throughout in an elaborate manner, it vill be managed more with an eye to inducing visitors to come again than with any idea of large possible profits.

The location is unexcelled anywhere, either in the United States or Canada, and it has every possible attraction to commend it to the favorable consideration of intending summer tourists. Built on the most prominent point of land on Sydney harbor (on the esplanade of the city), it gives an unobstructed view of the magnificent scenery which frames the harbor, from the waters of Sydney river on the west to the ocean on the east, embracing a varied landscape of twenty miles in extent, unsurpassed in the island of Cape Breton, fast gaining a reputation the continent over as the peer among summer resorts. The ground on the opposite side of the esplanade, clear down to the water front, being the property of the hotel company, an unobstructed view is obtained, and easy access to the shore made possible, on the beach of which row and sail boats are always in readiness for the use of guests who may wish to go sailing or deep-sea fishing in the harbor or out upon old ocean, and first class bathing accommodations have been provided.

Within a stone's throw is the anchorage of the English and French war ships, which annually make Sydney harbor their rendezvous during the summer months, and owing to the great depth of water are moored within hailing distance of the hotel, from the verandahs of which one has a perfect view of their decks while enjoying the music of the excellent bands.

To sum up: Bathing, boating, yachting, deep sea and trout fishing, shooting, fine walks and drives, visits to the immense collieries of the Dominion Coal company and the Coxheath copper mines, a superb climate throughout the entire summer and excellent water, may be mentioned as a few of the features which we offer that are unsurpassed elsewhere.

The Sydney hotel is not meant to be a summer house altogether, but has been most thoroughly constructed and finished throughout in order to accommodate the ever growing travel which keeps coming and going all the year round. Commercial men will find the hotel particularly well equipped for their purposes, excelling in that respect, perhaps, any other house in the Provinces. It is heated throughout with hot water, fitted with electric bells and lighted by electricity; it has bath rooms in plenty; a fine billiard room and barber shop; elegant parlors and lounging rooms, and light and airy bedrooms, the latter being furnished in a superior manner. Rooms are let single or en suite. Coaches will meet guests at the trains and steamers.

Sydney is reached from Halifax, by steamers running to St. Pierre, Miquelon, and Newfoundland via the Bras d'Or Lakes; by rail to Mulgrave, on the Strait of Canso, and thence by steamers of the Bras d'Or Navigation company via St. Peter's canal and the great lakes; or all-rail. From Montreal, by the Dominion Coal company's steamers via the St. Lawrence river and the sea; or all rail.